

THE MAGNOLIA:

OR, LITERARY TABLET.

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The First of March.

The bud is in the bough
And the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now
In her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warmed by summer's sun
In th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful the thought
Of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upward tends
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark,
And this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark
Whether Winter holds her sway;
Go back thou dove of peace,
With the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease,
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth
Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth
For their overhanging bowers;
The Forest seems to listen
For the rustle of its leaves,
And the very sky to glisten
In the hope of summer eyes.

Thy vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell,
And the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep,
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep,
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices
From the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices
With a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch
Fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March,
Be it dedicate to thee!

For the Magnolia.

A Suicide's Confession.

Having occasion to remove my place of residence, on account of my health, I took up my abode in the southern part of New-England. The place selected for this purpose, was a fashionable resort for those who wish to spend a few weeks of cessation from their labors, to recruit their impaired health. Numerous were the persons who had here collect-

ed—people of almost all characters and dispositions, and of many nations. Few, and choice were my companions; for from the the abundance, I chose, rather to be familiar with a few who were deserving, than have a slight acquaintance with the vulgar and ill-deserving.

Among my acquaintances, there was one who was my constant companion. He was a young man, of very interesting appearances; and his peculiarity had ingrafted him into my affections. His appearance was strange, which indicated something uncommon respecting him. Sadness was the usual expression of his features; although occasionally, yet seldom, he was cheerful, at which times he was a pleasing companion. He had evidently been educated in the first circles of society, but wished to pass off for something different from what he really was.

With me he was more free in his conversation, than with any one. I had frequently made indifferent inquiries respecting his former life and occupation; but he always very politely excused himself, and thus frustrated all endeavors to gratify my curiosity. Once he gave me to understand that his secrets were not for any living person as long as he lived, and that I was as well acquainted with his feelings as any one. He would sometimes speak of his being unhappy; and sudden starts, and horror-like features of his countenance, well revealed to me, that something was preying inwardly that he would not have known, even to his most intimate friends.—Could he be guilty of a crime? He who was so good, so kind, so amiable and agreeable in his manners. I thought it could not be.

At a particular time he wore an uncommon cheerful countenance, which continued for several days, and I was in hopes that he would forget his troubles and again be like other people. One morning he left the breakfast table before any of the others, with a smile upon his countenance, and retired to his room. He did not again make his appearance in the fore part of the day, and at dinner he was also absent. Feeling some concern for him, I went to his room, and knocked gently at his door, but was surprised at not being bid as usual, to 'come in.' I carefully opened the door—but,

Oh! how was I struck, at seeing his body suspended from the ceiling by his handkerchief.

The house was soon alarmed. A letter was found upon the table addressed to me, in which he stated the cause which drove him on to commit this horrible deed of self murder.—Many are these occurrences, and the victims deserve rather to be pitied than censured.—But I forbore; I will not be guilty of either vindicating or condemning, but his own confession shall speak for itself; it behooves not me to judge. The following is the letter which he left directed to me:

"My friend, I am well aware that it is your great desire to learn my history, which, for reasons you will here learn, I have seen fit to keep locked in my own breast. I was born in the state of Massachusetts; my father was possessed of a large fortune, that was left entirely to myself after his death, which happened when I was young. Having no ties to bind me to my native place, as my father and mother were both dead, I determined to seek enjoyment in a neighboring city. I here commenced a life of pleasure, living on the interest of my estate.

"A year had hardly passed after I commenced my residence at — before the circumstance, which was the means of sealing my future destiny, transpired. In one of my rambles in the suburbs of the city, a horse attached to a chaise, in which were two young ladies, driven by an ignorant servant, became suddenly frightened; I started forward in order to render some assistance, and arrived just as the chaise was overturned, and in time to save one of the ladies from being thrown with violence against a post, which undoubtedly would have been the means of her death, by seizing her in my arms. She only received a slight injury; the other lady was thrown upon the ground, and taken up senseless and carried into a neighboring house. The lady whom I had so fortunately assisted, after seeing her companion was well taken care of, chose to walk immediately home, which was but a short distance; I had the pleasure of accompanying her thither, and was politely invited to call again.

"This circumstance I interpreted as an event of some importance, as opening the way for something yet to follow. It was a romantic occurrence, and filled my romantic mind with ideas that probably would never have presented themselves, had I met her in any other manner. I thought her beautiful and very amiable in her manners and disposition, and was very much pleased with the little I saw

of her at the time of the event, and I was resolved to see her again.

"Day after day, I called to see her and enquire concerning her cousin, who was the one that was in the chaise with her, and was getting better of her injury. I thought myself well received, and my visits grow oftener, long after the excitement of the accident had subsided; I was in love, and thought the same of the object of my affections.

"The sequel is yet to be told; a rival made his appearance, one, who as I thought, was far inferior to me in point of personal appearance, and possessed no fortune, but supported himself by keeping a small dry goods store. But love I found could not always be bought with gold. I have no doubt but I once had a place in her affections, and it yet seemed doubtful which might have succeeded; but I could not bare the thoughts of a rival, and this was the means of my overthrow. Had I been indifferent to his proceedings, I might now be enjoying the bliss of a domestic life, instead of preparing a confession which will stamp my name with infamy—death I must soon meet, but I carry a deeper wound continually in my breast than he can inflict.

"Vengeance I swore against the enemy of my happiness; I was determined to remove whatever obstruction that should stand in the way of my enjoyment. Meeting my rival one day, I accosted him in a friendly manner, and proposed to settle our difficulties over a bottle of Champaign, and surrendering up the fair one entirely to him. A portion of poison was put into his glass by the same hand that now pens these last words of a dying murderer.—He drank the deadly drug, and expired in about three hours; but I wholly escaped suspicion—no one knew the cause of his death.

"Horror and remorse seized upon me.—Though I might now have accomplished my wish, I did not—I was a murderer! I remained, amid the scenes of my crime, till absenting myself would create no suspicion, and then I bid a last farewell to the city of — and left my love to mourn the loss of her two lovers.

"I have wandered over the country, and have found no rest; but the pang is still within my breast. I sought peace in this place, but found it not; here I am resolved to seek it in the jaws of death, the last and only place now left for me. But my friend, may a better portion be your lot, than that which now drives me to madness, and the desperation of dying by my own hands."

FABULATOR.

Hartford, 1834.

A Strange Story.

In the month of September, a young man arrived from Paris at Dieppe and took up his residence at l'Hotel de l'Europe. He was idle, had been fortunate, and the sole object of his stay was some little adventure, some ball-room conquest, wherewith to be employed, and whereof to be vain. Well, in the hotel there lodged a lady, young, and enveloped in all the attraction of profound mystery. No one knew her: she went neither to the baths nor to the balls; and she had not even a servant with her to be bribed. All in the hotel were raving about her beauty, her grace, and her dignified manner. Of a night they would steal up stairs to catch the tones of her voice, for she sang exquisitely. Our young Parisian's head was completely turned. To have such a neighbour, with the face, they said, of an angel—he knew she had the voice of one—and yet neither to be able to see her, nor to speak to her—it was enough to drive him wild. He bought a guitar and composed songs where the word neighbor (*voisine*) served as a rhyme to the word unknown (*inconnue*). He sat and sang all day long, his room door wide open, and with as much tenderness as could be thrown into a human voice. It was quite in vain—song and guitar were equally wasted. At length he resolved on writing: the crow-quill which traversed the paper was as fine almost as the (imagined) eyelash of his mistress; a world of Cupids, grapes, vases, and roses crowded the border of the paper; the seal was of azure blue wax, and bore a dove ready for flight. The whole staircase was perfumed as he bore the scented epistle to the servant he had paid to convey it. But the letter and its half dozen successors shared the same fate.—Our Parisian was stupefied with astonishment: what! had he, the utterly irresistible, remained a fortnight under the same roof with a pretty woman, and only learnt that she went by the name of Mde. Paul, a name which was not even supposed to be her own! Love has many stages, and the young Frenchman had arrived at one very unusual with him, viz; melancholy. One day he was roused from a disconsolate reverie by one of the servants, whom he had bribed to observe the motion, of Mde. Paul, running in to inform him that she was just gone down to the quay, to see a packet which was endeavoring to enter in the teeth of a contrary wind. In an instant he was on his way to the quay. The sea was very rough. The whole town was gathered on the heights which commanded the coast, watching the vessel, which seemed in sheer madness, forcing its way despite of the furious wind and falling tide. The gale blew so strong, that the colossal crucifix of Notre Dame de Bon secours bent like a hazel wand. 'Twas a gallant sight—the bold steamboat, painted with divers colors, lighted up by one of those chance rays which struggle through the darkest skies, while the background was formed by one enormous black cloud. Now, the vessel seemed in air, as it rode the ridge of some gigantic wave; and then again seemed lost in one of those depths formed by the stormy sea—valleys, indeed, of the shadow of death. A dense column rose,

undulating like a serpent, high as the mast, and from out of it, like a tongue of flame, shone the red top-gallant. 'It is the North-umberland, an American steam-boat, by our Lady, she carries the stripes and stars aloft!' cried the Captain of the port. 'Yonder is her captain disputing with a tall man in a naval uniform. Faith! but the captain's right; it is madness to think of entering the harbor this weather. Still, his tall companion insists. How can they risk such a noble vessel.' In advance of the crowd, her feet on the wet and slippery pebbles, so near that the foam dashed in flakes of snow over her shoes, stood a female immovable, with her eye fixed on the naval officer, whom she could distinctly see by means of a small telescope. Her deep mourning told the Parisian it was his unknown. To catch sight of her face, he went knee-deep in the water; he stood directly before her; but, so intent was her gaze on the approaching vessel, that she saw him not.—Suddenly a dark shadow fell over him; a loud cry from the spectators warned him of his danger; the next moment a gigantic wave burst over his head. He sank, struggled, rose, and dizzy and dripping, scrambled to the shore, amid the laughter which his safety ensured. The first thing he saw was the beautiful unknown laughing too. He cast upon her a look of bitter reproach. She extended her hand to him. 'Ah, how I blame myself!' said she, in a low sweet voice: 'it is for my sake you came, did you not? do forgive me.' Our young Parisian now was fairly out of his senses. At this moment a general shout announced that the steamboat had tacked; away she bounded from the shore, like a seabird over the waters. 'Ah!' said Mde. Paul, with a deep-drawn breath, and a peculiar expression of countenance, 'so much the better. I do not (turning to her companion) ask if you love me—I know it—I am sure of it. Come at five o'clock to my room; I will order dinner for two. Do not fail: I must speak to you: to-morrow it will be too late. From that time till five o'clock he was at his toilet.

Five struck; he felt he was, as ever, irresistible and he hurried to his appointment. She was singing a wild sweet song as he entered; and her back turned to the door, gave him an opportunity of observing, as she leant over her guitar, the most exquisite shoulders, and the prettiest shaped head in the world.—She rose up with such graceful confusion, and her long eye lashes fell over black eyes—black as gulnar's when the light awakened the slumbers of the pirate. She was now dressed in white, her rich dark hair was gathered up by combs of gold, her girdle was gold also, and so were the massive bracelets on her arm, whose symmetry a sculptor might have modelled. They sat down to dinner, and all embarrassment floated away on the champagne, coffee, liquors, and confidence, came together. "My name is Allegra," said the beautiful stranger, "I was born at Naples, and the revolution which deprived Murat of his crown, deprived my father, also, of his country. He fled to America, carrying however, the best part of his wealth, which, from his solitary habits, accumulated from year to

year. As my evil fate would have it, when on the verge of womanhood, he formed an acquaintance with a young Englishman, Sir George Walsingham who soon acquired unbounded influence over him. My father died—God forgive my suspicions if unjust—but his death was strange and sudden. On opening his will, it was found that all his property was left to me—but on condition that I should marry Sir George Walsingham, who otherwise inherited, to my exclusion. I implored his mercy: told him I never could return his affections; and at last, finding refusals and reproaches in vain, I fled hither with what money and jewels I had. Alas, even here he has pursued me! Sir George Walsingham was the officer who urged the Northumberland to the dangerous trial of to day; in a few hours he will be here; he will claim me as his wife, and I have no resource. Will you save me from a fate more horrible than death?"—"With my life; only tell me what to do," said Eugene, gazing on a face lovely as a dream. "You may stay here, I will go and meet him, and be the first to pronounce a reconciliation. We will send for the priest, who will marry us." "Marry you and Sir George?" "Yes, you will follow us to the church and as we come out you will kill him."—"Kill him?" "Well?" "But it will be an absolute murder—an assassination."—"Murder him! it is a justice—a duty; are you a coward?" She sprang to her feet,—the veins darkened on her white brow, her cheek coloring crimson, and her eyes flashing, as if she at least knew the meaning of fear. "But," said the Parisian, pale with contending passions, "what needs this marriage?" "What? let him revel in my father's wealth, which I can only inherit as a widow?" He caught the earnest gaze of her large bright eyes, the pleading of her beautiful mouth, the sweetness of whose breath was even on his cheek; he caught her small white hands, and swore upon them to do her will. "You must leave me now," said she, "its late." She led him to the door; and as it closed, he again met her radiant eyes, and surely love was on their long and lingering look. That night the hotel was disturbed by an arrival. The wind had changed, and the packet entered the harbor. Next morning he learned that Sir George Walsingham had come, he learned, too, that orders had been sent to prepare a chapel for a marriage. In vain he sought another interview with Allegra. A carriage at length drove up to the door. Supported by a tall, park, stern-looking man, Allegra was borne to the vehicle; Eugene followed it and arrived just as the ceremony was concluding. Sir George held his victim by the arm, and fixed his fierce eyes upon her with a cold and cruel expression; she was almost hidden by her veil; but she was trembling, and the little of her face that could be seen was as white as the marble of the monuments around. The ceremony was at an end, and they left the chapel. Instantly the young Parisian sprang forward and struck the bridegroom on the face. "Liar, murderer, and coward!—do you dare follow me!" The Englishman started, and then struck him in return. "For life or

death, yours or mine!" cried Eugene, offering him one of the two pistols. They retreated a few paces, fired, and both fell, Sir George was shot through the heart, the Parisian dangerously wounded. He was carried to his hotel, where he lay for some hours insensible. At length he was able to speak. His last recollection was of seeing Allegra fainting in the arms of the attendants. "Where is she?" exclaimed he, looking round the room eagerly.—"Who sir?" Allegra—Lady Walsington, Madame Paul. "Your neighbor?" "Yes, where is she?" "She has left the town some hours since." "Gone?" and he sank back on his pillow. No message had been left, no trace of her could be discovered; but one of the servants brought him a locket he well remembered seeing her wear, hung to a hair chain, round her neck that fatal evening. It opened with a spring, and contained the miniature of a singularly handsome young man; but it was neither Sir George's likeness nor his own!—*N. Y. Traveller.*

THE KING OF GRIEF.—Lewis, a provincial actor was generally known by the title of "The King of Grief," as he had watery eyes which made him always appear to be weeping, and as he was continually predicting misery to himself. As he was a harmless man and possessed of literary talents, he was treated kindly by his professional brethren, and had some share in an annual benefit. On one occasion, when the benefit had been very productive to him he was congratulated on his success.—Instead of evincing his own satisfaction, he began crying, and said, "Ah! I shall not be so lucky next year." Mr. Younger, who was a very friendly man, invited old Lewis to dine with him at Liverpool, Lewis declined the invitation, alleging the indifferent state of his attire. Mr. Younger desired him to go into the wardrobe of the theatre, and gave orders that he should receive any suit of clothes that fitted him. As soon as he was properly accommodated, he rejoined Mr. Younger at dinner. After a few glasses of wine, which instead of raising his spirits depressed him, he began weeping. Mr. Younger, with great kindness, asked him the cause of his sudden grief.—Why, said he, is it not lamentable to think that such a man of genius as myself should be obliged to such a stupid fellow as you are for a suit of clothes and a dinner?—*Records of my life, by the late John Taylor.*

The State of Louisiana has commenced a prosecution against a newspaper called *The Moon*! which is thus filed in Court:—"State v. The Moon." Suits have been entered against the editors of the *Sun*, in this city, for a libel; and we should not be surprised to hear that *The Star* is indicted for poking fun at the *Constellation*.

"Get out of the yard," said a big feeling navy officer to a carpenter who had offended him, "you shall not work for the United States." The carpenter walked to the gate, and with the greatest sang froid asked him if he might work in the United States.

From the Eclectic Review.

STANZAS ON ADAM.

BY THOMAS BAGO.

'Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
It is thy Maker calls;
What means that look of wild despair?
What anguish now ethereal?
Why, in the wood's embowering shade,
Lost thou attempt to hide,
From Him whose hand thy kingdom made,
And all thy wants supplied?
Go, hide again, thou fallen one!
The crown has left thy brow;
Thy robe of purity is gone,
And thou art naked now.

'Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
Assert thy high command:
Call forth the tiger from his lair,
To lick thy kingly hand;
Control the air, control the earth,
Control the foaming sea;
Thy own no more thy heavenly birth,
Or heaven-stamped royalty.
The brutes no longer will cower,
But share with thee thy reign;
For the sceptre of thy righteousness,
Thy hands have snapp'd in twain.

'Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
Thou wondrous thing of clay;
Ah! let the earth-worm now declare,
Who claims thee as his prey.
Thy mother, oh thou mighty one,
For thee re-opens her womb;
Thou to the narrow house art gone,
Thy kingdom is thy tomb.
The truth from Godhead's lips that came,
There in thy darkness learn:
Of dust was formed thy bounteous frame,
And shall to dust return.

'Adam, where art thou? where! ah, where?
Behold him raised above,
An everlasting life to share,
In the bright world of love.
The hand he once 'gainst heaven could raise,
Another sceptre holds;
His brows where new-born glories blaze,
Another crown enfolds.
Another robe's slung over him,
More fair than was his own;
And with the fire-tongued seraphim,
He dwells before the throne.

'But whence could such a change proceed?
What power could raise him there?
So late by God's own voice decreed
Transgression's curse to bear.
Hark! hark! he tells—a harp well strung
His grateful arms embrace;
Salvation is his deathless song,
And grace, abounding grace:
And sounds through all the upper sky
A strain with wonders rife,
That life hath given itself to die,
To bring death back to life.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Insurance and Assurance.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I will not die to day for any man's persuasion.

Measure for Measure.

'It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom fortune has left to shift for themselves! Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and for the most part, picked up the

crumbs which fell from my father's table.—He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbows.—They were completely emblematic of their pomemor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, among the rest of the distresses of his particular friends, among whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken the exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. 'Now,' said he, 'as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice—insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance. Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence.—In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice in their constitutions, and by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of torriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door creaked, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bars; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the in-

telligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half-dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, declared that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as coals themselves.—Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed them that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumstance in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

'How old are you, Sir?' inquired an examiner.

'Forty.'

'You seem a strong man.'

'I am the strongest man in Ireland.'

'But subject to the gout?'

'No. The rheumatism—nothing else upon my soul.'

'What age was your father when he died?'

'Oh, he died young; but he was killed in a row.'

'Have you any uncles alive?'

'No: they were all killed in rows too.'

'Pray, Sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?'

'May be I shall, some day or other.'

'What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?'

'Oh, never fear! I am possessed of the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often.'

'What, Sir, can you drink a little?'

'Three bottles, with ease.'

'Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will no doubt go off suddenly.'

'My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room.'

'But three bottles—'

'Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug.'

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words 'row' and 'three bottles' ran, hurray, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a denouncing growl,

and agreed that upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

'Zounds,' thought I, 'twenty thousand pounds and a widow!'

'Ah, madam,' observed the chairman, your husband made too good a bargain with us.—I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage.'

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

'Gentlemen,' said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments.—'allow me to introduce Mr.——', a particular friend of mine who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort.'

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

'You have a good broad chest,' said one.—'I dare say your lungs are never affected.'

'Good shoulders, too,' said another. 'Not likely to be knocked down in a row.'

'Strong in the legs and not debilitated by dissipation,' cried a third. 'I think this gentleman will suit us.'

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

'What mad trick are you at now?' inquired the cormorant.

'I am going to hand that lady to her carriage,' I responded; and I kept my word.—She bowed to me with much courtesy, laugh-

ed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I. "Number —, Sir, in — street," said John, and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning upon the advantages of his bargain with me, and I am in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentlemen?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not over-reached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done?" said cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house" and I will draw a deed to that effect, gratis."

I did not flinch from my agreement. My case, I knew was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Eposom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a great bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it, remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but hearts-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to

look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless I was not daunted, and I looked round for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay 'Auld Robin Grey,' which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband.—On the table was a half finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell and Byron. 'This witch,' thought I, is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lowly. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognise me. I was not quite prepared for this, and in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragement of volatile coquetry! and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! 'Madam,' I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father, and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and life insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promised little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. 'Ah, madam' said I 'the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an exceedingly sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last; but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madame to make his friends happy by introducing them to you.'

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well; for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit

me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Gray and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a chef d'œuvre. 'Permit me however to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest, too, and a trifle stronger in the legs as they say at the Insurance Office.' The widow looked comically at the recollections I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like that of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on stilts; but put us on fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Figot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going Missionary to New-Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals; but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdotes of New-Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul which was brimming before, was in agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite mischievous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a deli-

cate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling and reasons for remaining, till at last I took it upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at her work, and as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

'I have been thinking,' said she, 'that I have been mightily imposed upon.'

'By whom?' I inquired.

'By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself.'

'In what do you mistrust me.'

'Come, now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?

'Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?'

'Nonsense! Will you answer me?'

'I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?' I continued, jumping up and leaning over her, 'it should be done so, and then so. What stitch do you call that?'

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

'Will you pardon me?' I whispered.

'I am a sinner—a counterfeit—a poor, swindling vagabond; but I love you to my soul.'

The work dropped upon her knees.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:

Dear Sir—it will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager.—As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

Jonathan where was you going to yesterday when I saw you going to mill?

Why I was going to mill to be sure.

Well I wish I'd seen you—I'd got you to carry a grist for me.

Why you did see me, didn't you?

Yes, but not till you got clean out of sight.

SHORT vs. LONG.—Says Long to Short, "how are you, Top?" "I had rather be a top, than long enough to require six hours to get asleep all over." "You had, ha?" Well I had rather be ten hours getting to sleep, than so short as to be obliged to mount a cabbage-leaf to hiecup.—*Morning Post.*

"I would not live alway."

*I would not live alway—no, no, holy man—
Not a day, not an hour should lengthen my span;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer,
Would I not go the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and Martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam.*

*I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rise dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around
Like the Patriarch's idols—and no resting is found—
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joys fleeting angle ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.*

*I would not live alway—that fatter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine than I'm a prisoner again.
Even the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival tramp calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own misereere prolongs.*

*I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom;
There too is the pillow where Christ how'd his head—
Sweet, sweet be my slumbers on that holy bed.
But sweeter the morn which shall follow that night,
When the sunshine of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song as the sleepers arise
To hail the blishest morning, shall peal through the skies.*

*Was, who would live alway—away from his God,
Away from you heav'n, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the moonlets of glory eternally reign;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their God and each other transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!*

A Serenade.

*Slumber gentle lady,
Slumber on the rose,
When the air of heaven
Lulls it to repose.*

*Angels hover o'er thee,
Softly seal thine eyes,
Wait thy spirit gently
To the smiling skies.*

The Parting Gift,

As HORACE CLIFTON pressed the hand of his friend and bade him an almost fearful farewell, he drew from his finger a ring and said, while he tried to force a smile, "I know not why I have kept this bauble so long, my dear Alfred, unless it was that I might offer it to you as a parting gift; keep it in remembrance of our friendship, and should we meet again, I shall expect to see that you still wear it." "I need no such remembrancer," said the ardent Fairfax, "but I will keep this ring while I have life." "And not till I see the circle on the finger of some fair lady, will I ever admit the thought that there is a being whom you regard more than myself," was the rejoinder. The friends separated; Clifton to accompany his father to Scotland, the place of his birth, from which they had been absent for some years, and Fairfax to the pursuits of studies which were to fit him for the profession of the law, to which he was destined by his father. The young men had been almost constantly together for the space of three years, and the friendship which had been commenced in early youth, was destined to endure after that pe-

riod had passed away and to survive the effects of time and absence; this parting, therefore, was deeply painful to both. During three years Horace Clifton heard often from his friend, and was pained to perceive that his letters were written in a strain of melancholy reflection, which ill accorded with his ardent and cheerful temper, and Clifton feared that some secret sorrow was praying upon his spirits; as he gathered from the letters that the profession chose for him by his father was utterly distasteful to himself. At length Fairfax entirely ceased, and Clifton, although the silence of his friend surprised and pained him, he had little leisure to dwell on the circumstance, as his own time and attention was entirely engrossed by his filial duties; both of his parents were in a brief space of time gathered "to their fathers," and Horace Clifton having no ties to restrain his desire of seeing different countries, and being in possession of a splendid fortune, resolved to visit France, Spain and Italy, and eventually seek his young friend across the Atlantic. Before he set out on his tour, he made every inquiry respecting Fairfax, and learned from a correspondent, that, in consequence of some family misfortune, he had left his native city, and had accepted the situation of supercargo in a vessel bound for India. This intelligence greatly surprised Clifton and despatching a letter to be delivered to his friend, should he return, he commenced his tour.

In Italy, Clifton became acquainted with a young painter, an Englishman, of the name of Grenville, whose engaging manners and intelligent mind won his esteem, and secured his entire confidence; the young painter was in ill health, and his mind was distressed by gloomy forebodings. In one of his conversations with Clifton, he said, "I shall never return to my native country—I feel that I shall not. And what changes have occurred in my family since I left them! the total failure of my father's mercantile affairs, his embarkation for India with my mother and sister, in order to relieve his desperate fortunes—the death of my beloved mother! all this in the space of five short years. I came to Italy with a friend of my father's to study the best models for improvement in the art to which I have devoted myself; that friend is no more! Who knows but they have sunk victims to the climate, or my beloved sister may now be an orphan in a strange land." From these gloomy thoughts Clifton endeavored to divert the mind of his new friend, and to inspire him with better hopes; but the fears of Grenville were prophetic, and his disorder increased so rapidly that no hopes were entertained of his recovery. As Clifton sat by his bedside a few days before his death, he conjured him to find means for ascertaining the fate of his father and sister, and if they still lived, to inform them of his death: he entrusted Clifton with this last request to them, and taking from a box a miniature of a very youthful female, he said, "this is the resemblance of my sister; it was one of my first specimens in my art; keep it, and if you ever discover the original, retain it in remembrance of me." Clifton saw the last duties paid to the friend whom he sincerely

lamented, and determined to use every endeavor to trace the original of the beautiful miniature, and should her situation require it, supply to her the place of her brother who was now no more. Clifton landed in England after an absence of four years, and took up his abode for a time in London. The means he had used to gain intelligence of the father and sister of the young painter had hitherto been ineffectual; he had not abandoned his intention of revisiting the Western continent, but circumstances prevented its execution from time to time. One day in passing through an obscure street, he was arrested by a young female, whose features he imagined he had seen before. She was probably confused with his earnest gaze, for she quickened her pace and turning a corner was soon out of sight. Clifton tried to recollect where he could have seen her, and suddenly remembered the miniature given to him by Grenville. It must be her, he thought, yet the original of that picture was probably in India. His chagrin was great at not having ascertained which way the lady went, and notwithstanding its extreme improbability, he could not help fancying that he had seen the object of his thoughts. The next day he walked in the same street, in the vague hope of seeing her again, and his hopes were not frustrated. He had entered the shop of a silversmith to purchase some trifling article, and saw the same female who had attracted his notice the preceding day; she entered but a moment before, and was speaking in a low voice to the man who kept the shop. Clifton did not distinguish what she said, but he heard the man answer, "Indeed, madam, it is not my custom to take things in pledge, and if I buy this for gold it is worth but a trifle." "I did not wish to sell it," said the female, "and if you cannot oblige me it is of no importance," she left the shop, but not before Clifton had assured himself that her resemblance to the miniature was not imaginary—he followed her down the street irresolute how to address her. On a sudden the lady turned, and in a hurried manner retraced her steps, apparently searching for something she had dropped. Clifton had seen it first—the object of her search was in his hand—it was the RING which he had given nine years ago to his friend Fairfax, in America.—"Madam," he said, in almost breathless surprise, as he presented it, "I saw you drop this ring—it was once my own! I gave it in parting to a valued friend—pardon my rudeness—from whom did you receive it?" "It is my husband's," answered the lady bursting into tears. "Oh! do not let him know that I would have parted with it for a time: but I could not see him starve!" Clifton's agitation nearly overcame him. "Lady!" he at length said, "if your husband's name is Fairfax, my fortune and life are his—if not, whoever you may be, they are yours." "His name is Fairfax, and yours is——" "Clifton." "Thank heaven," said the lady, "he is not without a friend." The lady passed her arm through that of Clifton, and led him to their miserable abode. We pass over the surprise and joy of their meeting. Clifton found his early friend crushed to the earth by poverty and sickness—

he heard him address his lovely wife by the name of ISABEL and he knew that both the objects of his search were found—but by what singular events their union, their present meeting, was brought about he was yet to learn. Each had a tale of sorrow to relate. Isabel received from Clifton the last adieu and memorials of her beloved brother, and Fairfax informed his friend of the event which had caused his present situation. "Soon after you left America," he said "My father's affairs took an unfortunate turn; the failure of several mercantile houses with whom he was concerned, totally ruined him; I always disliked my profession—his suited me much less—I wished to devote myself to literary pursuits—my wishes were rendered abortive by the misfortunes of my family. I resolved to do all in my power to aid my father in his distress; and consequently went out to India. During my voyage my father died, which I learned after my arrival in India. My cares for him were unnecessary; but my grief brought on a fever which so debilitated me, that when the ship in which I sailed was ready to return, I was unable to go in her. I happened to lodge in the same house with my Isabel and her father; their attention during my illness was unremitting—in return I gave my heart to Isabel, a poor return, but all I had to make. When I recovered I could not resolve to tear myself from her; yet I was in no condition to offer her my hand. I will not weary you with a long story, Clifton; her father was taken ill and died. Isabel was alone, unprotected—love is sanguine, we were married. Isabel weary of being in India, wished to return to her native country; she had a brother, to whose return she looked forward with fond anticipation. We converted our little effects into money, and when that was done we found our fortune indeed small; for Isabel's father had not been successful, or time had not been allowed him to retrieve his affairs. But tho' poor, we were happy in each other. The vessel in which we sailed was wrecked in a violent storm within sight of land—we lost every thing—but I had still my Isabel.—We came to London and I endeavored to obtain some employment, but was unsuccessful for some time. Isabel had just recovered from a long illness when I was attacked by a nervous fever; our situation was now deplorable. Isabel wrote to some friends at a distance, but received no answer, and we have struggled with disease and poverty." "And the ring," said Isabel, "was our last resource." "And the RING has restored to me my friend," exclaimed Clifton, as he pressed the hand of his companions—"Henceforward we are one family; I shall redeem my promise, made when I received the MINATURE and fulfil the vow I passed when I presented the RING."

REAL DANGER.—A physician being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling.—"Not so trifling neither," replied the quack; "for to tell the truth, I have by a mistake, taken some of my own pills."

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday March 22, 1834.

NEW ADVERT.—Walter Rossman, Woodstock, Vt.

For the Magnolia.

Farewell to Angelo.

Fare thee well—and may the blessing
Of her who loves thee, guard thee yet;
Thou wilt not, other maids caring,
Forget the hour when last we met?

No, no! I will not think it of thee,
A heart so kind, so noble, pure,
Censure in mockery desert me,
And leave in death alone, a curd.

Hudson, March, 1834.

CAROLINE.

For the Magnolia.

The Murdered Lovers.**A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.**

I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Romeo and Juliet.

"And I must still remain confined in this lonely room, and that too, at the will of an unnatural father!" exclaimed Emily D—, as her father just left her presence. The tears, from the effects of anger and disappointment, ran down her cheeks. "But let him confine me," she continued, "he can never make me marry against my inclination. There will be a time when I shall be free, for I can at last conquer him by obstinacy. I will forever remain true to Edward, and I know he never will desert me."

Emily's father had been trying in vain to make her wed a British officer, whom she hated, and who had been engrafted into his good will. Her heart had long been given, and her hand had been promised, even by her father, to Edward M—, who had been the companion and the lover of her youth. On him, and him alone had she bestowed her affections; and as yet on either side, had no cause been given for dissatisfaction, and she was determined there never should be on her part.

Until the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Edward had been a favorite in Mr. D.'s family. Edward's father, and Mr. D. had been early and devoted friends. Mr. M. had died when his only son Edward was young, and to whom he left a large estate. When the struggle for independence broke out, Ed-

ward took up arms on the American side, while Mr. D. remained firm to the crown, and accordingly received the appellation of Tory. There arose in him a bitter enmity toward Edward. He was denounced a traitor, and was forbid to enter his house. Emily saw with grief the conduct of her father, and bitterly lamented the fate that would separate her from her lover. All entreaty was vain; she accordingly submitted to her fate—but not without regret; she frequently found means to communicate either by note or personally with Edward; she had often wandered from home to an appointed spot, where they met. Her father having discovered that they had frequently communicated together, confined her in a room, and attempted to compel her to wed one who she could not love—and that against her former vows.

Edward saw the treatment Emily was receiving on his account, and he was determined to deliver her from her confinement. All the exertions and endeavors he could bring up were put into operation. There resided with Mr. D. an old servant who had formerly served his father. He had always remained true to Edward, and also appeared the same to Mr. D. Edward had but little difficulty in enlisting him on his side to accomplish his purpose. By this means a letter was conveyed to Emily from which she learned his plans. Through the influence of the black domestic and herself she secured the confidence of her maid, who was commissioned to wait upon her at all hours.

In the meantime the officer was doing his best to secure the prize. Mr. D.'s house was his head quarters; and the greater part of the time he was found in the company of Emily—but with all his exertions he was not able to accomplish his object. He had frequently attempted to surprise and make prisoner of Edward, but never could accomplish his design.

Mr. D. well knew that Edward was the one chosen by his daughter, and found no accusation against him, but his fighting against the king. He was rich, and far exceeded his rival in point of personal appearance; his manners were agreeable, and he fondly loved Emily. Mr. D. had frequently regretted the circumstance which had created so great a disturbance in his family; but his conscience was seared—his feelings were blunted, and he seemed not to care how much misery he created, if by that means he could satisfy his desire.

Edward was an officer in the American service—men he had under him, and those who

loved, and were ever ready to obey his commands. His cause, he thought was a just one, and he gloried in the thought of being one who should accomplish for posterity, a work for which the accomplisshers should wear an immortal renown.

The night was dark and dreary; Edward with his followers lay concealed in a wood in sight of Mr. D.'s residence. A light could be seen glimmering in the room where Emily was confined—she was anxiously waiting for her deliverance. Edward with two or three trusty persons, issued from the forest to convey Emily away—they came in stillness to the house; the door had been unbarred by the servant, and they found no difficulty in entering. Unhappily Mr. D. was awake and heard the noise, and just as they were accomplishing the object of their visit, they were discovered. The house was soon in an uproar. The British officer, and soldiers who were quartered in the house, were soon in arms. It was impossible for them to flee at a very rapid rate, for the night was excessively dark, and the roads were unknown to all but Edward and Emily. As they hastened away the sound of the pursuers grew every minute more plain—they were surrounded. The British were enraged, and two of his companions soon fell victims to their rage. Emily clung to Edward with the determination of never being separated. The inhuman officer immediately ordered Edward to be put to death, but to save Emily. Edward endeavored to persuade her to leave him and not perish. But no persuasion could move her. He immediately forced her from him, and the word "fire," was given, at which Emily rushed into the arms of her lover—they both perished. Thus died two who had loved and were true to the last.

Z.

We have heard a good story, illustrative of the trafficking character of the New Bedford people, and of the illusive nature of some of their profit. A good old lady of that town had two sons, aged 10 and 12 years, who are, she said, such real New Bedforders, though she said it, who had not ought to say it, that when shut up in a close room an hour together, they would make five dollars profit apiece in swapping jackets with each other.—*Boston Post.*

A German writer says, that Buonaparte was so ambitious that he wished to have the Black Sea for a wash basin; the Mediterranean for a watering place; the Baltic for a fish pond; the Atlantic for a pleasure yacht, and the Pacific ocean for a horse pond, when his raving passions came on.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—We learn that several horses were on board of the *Wm. Penn.*, at the time of the conflagration.—Among them was one noble animal who, when the flames spread, appeared to be completely conscious not only of his danger but that his only dependence was on human aid.—He followed Capt. Jeffries, who was the last to leave the boat. At every movement of the Capt. the intelligent animal was at his side, manifesting, with singular intelligence, his apprehension and dependence on the aid of Capt. Jeffries. The latter, at length noticed him, and leading him to the side of the boat said, "my noble fellow you must leap this railing or be lost." To the surprise of the captain, the animal appeared to understand him, and leaping the rail plunged into the river, swam to the shore and escaped.—*Phil. Intel.*

The Duke of Biron heard the decrees for his instant death pronounced by the Revolutionary Tribunal, in 1793, with unmoved tranquillity. On retreating to prison, his philosophy maintained that character of Epicurean indifference which had accompanied his happier years; he ordered some oysters and white wine. The executioner entered as he was taking this last repast. "My friend," said the Duke, "I will attend you; but let me finish my oysters. You must require strength for the business you have to perform; you shall drink a glass of wine with me." He filled a glass of wine for the executioner, and another for the turnkey, and one for himself; and went to the place of execution, where he met death with the courage that distinguished almost all the victims of that fearful period.

Such was the animosity conceived by the Swiss against the house of Austria, in consequence of the attempt of Arch Duke Albert to subjugate them, that they put to death all the peacocks throughout the country, because a peacock's tail made part of the crest of the Austrian arms. History informs us that a Swiss being at an entertainment with a glass of wine standing before him, one of the company observed, that the sun shined in it a kind of representation of a peacock's tail.—At this sight the Swiss drew his saber, and smashed the glass in pieces.

A grey hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours, a few days since. "Oh! pray pull it out!" she exclaimed. "If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady, who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel, "it is no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral, provided they come in black."—*Mass. Journal.*

Died,

In this city, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Martha Jessup, wife of Mr. Nathan Jessup.

In this city, on the 9th inst. after a lingering consumption, Mr. Augustus Noyes, in the 59th year of his age.

In Ghent, on the 14th inst. Stephen Zegerboom, in the 70th year of his age.

The Convict Ship.

BY J. K. HERVEY.

Mark on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on.
Fall to the breeze she unconscious her sail,
And her person streams onward, like hope, in the gale,
The winds pour streams onward, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bare her along;
She! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hang, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the shadows they pass her, to light;
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest!
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart—cherished home on some desolate plain,
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And smile that are smitten her bartering within!
Who—as she watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing,
Dreads that sorrow and grief could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever!
Or deems that the watches, float on the wave
The death bed of hope, or the young spirits grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers aloft, and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and slighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thro's which the world cannot
know,
Like heart broken eglers, lie burning below!
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanquished and o'er.

The Doubt Disappointment.

A NEW-ENGLAND TALE.

There lived, about eighteen years ago, in a small valley bordering on the east bank of the Housatonic river, in the State of Connecticut, Zedekiah Raymond, a substantial Yankee farmer, who had amassed a fortune by the industry and economy of himself, his wife, and an only son, named Joseph, who was the sole survivor of six children. Of course he was a favorite with his parents, who gave him an education at least equal to any of his neighbors; and his Sunday clothes outshone them all. Although he claimed no superiority over the poorest of his associates, still he was looked upon by many with an eye of envy. Though not tainted with impudence, he was destitute of that awkward bashfulness which characterizes so many of the sons of New-England, who are strangers to the varied ways of a varying world.

At the time our story commences, Joseph Raymond was twenty-two years of age. While sitting, one cold winter evening, with his parents around a sparkling fire, regaling themselves with apples, nuts, and cider, as is

customary at that season with every New-England farmer, old Zedekiah (for so he was familiarly termed by his neighbors) thus addressed his son:—

"Josey, you know I am getting old."

"Yes, sir."

And your mother is getting old too, and is no longer able to attend to the dairy and do all the other work about the house, as she used to do. Don't you understand me, Josey?"

Josey looked at the fire for a full minute without scarcely winking, and then fell to work and ate at least half a dozen large apples, drank a pint of cider, and cracked a quart of nuts before he said a word.

"Daddy, I don't know as I exactly comprehend what you mean, but I kinder guess that mother wants somebody to help her about the house. Aint that it, daddy?"

"Exactly, Josey, and you know that good hired girls are hard to be got."

"And so are good wives," thought Josey.

"Now, Josey, can't you find some nice, tidy girl that you would like well enough to—"

"To marry," said the old lady, finishing the question.

Josey ate another apple, took another glass of cider, and laid some wood on the fire.

"Yes, Josey, you're old enough to settle in life; you will be well provided for; and now is the time. Your mother and I married at nineteen, without a dollar to begin with, and we have never been sorry for it yet—have we, Lucy?"

"No, Zeddy, not as I know of."

"But, daddy, how'll I go to work to pick one?" I like all the girls well enough, but hang me if I can tell which I like best. I'd rather undertake to pick a good yoke of oxen out of five hundred. However, I'll think on't, and next Sunday I'll look at all the gals in the meetin' house, and may be I can pitch upon one that I'd be willing to try for."

Here the party broke up, and the trio retired to rest.

Perhaps there is not a class of people in the civilized world so uniformly contented and happy as the peasantry of New-England. They retire early to rest—their sleep is sweet—they rise early—and resume their accustomed vocations with smiling countenances—indexes of hearts unscathed by care. In the family of Zedekiah Raymond, however, this night formed a trifling exception. The old lady's curiosity was more than ordinarily excited as to whom Josey would select for her daughter-in-law. She canvassed, in her own mind, the characters and apparent dispositions of every girl in the parish, and could think of but two whom she would like to see become members of her family. Would Joseph choose either of them? This was a query which kept her awake till midnight. Zedekiah was at first a little restless, but soon "resolved," as Congressmen say, "to postpone the further consideration of the subject till to-morrow," and fell asleep.

Not so with Joseph. Before he had been in bed five minutes he made a selection, fell asleep mechanically, and slept soundly till breakfast.

"There's nothing like taking time by the forelock," thought Josey. Acting on this principle, he did a good day's work at chopping wood before three o'clock in the afternoon, immediately after which time his mother's curiosity was more excited than ever, at finding him in the act of brushing the dust from his Sunday suit, polishing his boots, adjusting his hair before the looking-glass, and smoothing down his new napped hat with a silk handkerchief.

"What's in the wind now, Josey," enquired she, "that you're a takin' all this trouble?"

"Why I'm a goin' to singin' school."

She could say no more, but could not help thinking that she would like to know more about it.

While Josey is tackling old Dobbin into a beautiful pun, we must introduce our heroine to our readers. She was neither handsome nor homely, neither rich nor poor, but a plain, industrious girl of seventeen, without either pride or ostentation—a girl whose sole ambition was to please all with whom she associated. In this she was uniformly successful, and thus unwittingly, won the heart of many a swain. Such, briefly, was Polly Bronson, whom Josey had resolved to woo.

It was scarcely dark, when our hero was seen tying old Dobbin to a stake in front of Squire Bronson's. A slight tap at the door with the butt end of his whip elicited the usual answer of "walk in," and Joseph soon found himself by the Squire's fireside.

"Mrs. Bronson," said he, "will you let Polly go with me to the singin' school to-night?"

"I've no objections at all, Josey, if she's willin'."

No more was said—Polly blushed a little, but proceeded forthwith to prepare herself.

The moon shone brightly, and though scarcely a breath of wind was perceptible, the keen air of a January night, and a good road, seemed to Josey to give wings to old Dobbin, and he found himself at the school-house before he could muster courage sufficient to say a dozen words to his companion.

"Confound the beast," thought he. "I never knew her to go so fast before; but I'll pay her for it to-morrow, when I get her hitched before the oxen to one of those big logs in the Tamarick swamp." As the singing master had not arrived, Joseph proposed to extend their ride for a mile or two, to which Polly assented, and Dobbin took his usual gait, that is to say, at the rate of about two miles an hour.

After a common place conversation on "matters and things in general," Joseph changed the subject.

"Polly, I am going to ask you a particular and important question one o' these days—can you guess what it will be?"

"No, Josey, indeed I can't."

"Daddy says we shall be well provided for, and that I'm old enough——" (he hesitated.)

"For what?"

"To—to—to settle down? Now, don't you understand me?"

Polly did not answer, but as Josey took her by the hand he fancied that it trembled a little, and this gave him courage to proceed.

"You see, Polly," says he, "that I can help father to take care of the farm, and you can help mother about the house, and——"

"Let's return home, Joseph—I think I understand you now; but say no more of it at present."

"Why, Polly, I didn't mean any offence—that's the last thing I'd thought of. But won't you let me call at the Squire's next Sunday night?"

"You know, Mr. Raymond, that you are always welcome at our house—father and mother will always be glad to see you."

This was a damper. The singing school was forgotten, and not a word was uttered by either of them till they arrived at Squire Bronson's, when Josey conducted Polly to the door, bade her "good night," and getting to his vehicle, gave Dobbin the rein and the whip, notwithstanding which she moved, in the imagination of Josey, as slow as a snail.

When he reached home, he found his parents, with their evening repast before them, waiting for his return. He declined joining them, excusing himself by saying that he "took enough last night to last him a week."

"Why, what's the matter, Josey: did any thing go wrong at the singing school?"

"No, mother, but what I swallowed last night is not yet digested. At your request I took something besides apples, nuts, and cider—and it lies heavy on my stomach yet."

By this time old Zeddy began to think there was something in the wind that did not whistle. His good dame had told him all about the dressing up of Josey; the tackling of Dobbin into the pun; and Josey's assertion that he was only going to the singing school. He more than half suspected that Josey had been anticipating his proposed survey of the village belles in the meeting house, by taking his "pick and choose" at the school house, and that he had come off minus. In no other way could he account for Josey's unaccountable taciturnity. But he well knew that cross-questioning would only make matters worse; and he persuaded Lucy to agree to abide the issue.

For the three intervening days between (and including) Friday and Sunday, Joseph said nothing to any one about his Thursday evening's excursion. In the meantime, however, he constructed Polly's answer to his request, that he might call at her father's on Sunday evening, in a dozen different ways. At length, the expression, "you are always welcome at our house," settled this part of the enigma. To say that her "father and mother" would "always be glad to see him," was intimating, in a modest way, that she, herself, would have no particular objections to his paying them an evening visit. I'll go, any how," thought he, "and if she says 'no,' why 'no' let it be."

In the meantime Polly's mind was no less uneasy. She knew not what to do, or say, or think. In short, never having been regularly wooed, she had never seriously thought of matrimony. She considered, however, that

there was "time enough yet," and concluded to be governed by circumstances.

Sunday night found Joseph at the Squire's. Polly had on her "best bib and tucker," and appeared to Joseph more lovely than ever.—The Squire and his lady began to "smell a rat," and left the young folks to themselves.

"Polly——" This was all he could say; his heart rose to his mouth—he could have felt it with his finger—and its beat might have been heard across the room.

"What?" inquired the blushing girl.

After calling to his relief all the courage he possessed, he resumed:

"Polly, you know what I told you t'other night?"

"Yes."

"Well, to cut matters short, there's no use in our burnin' up candles and firewood every night for a year—we've known each other ever since we were school children together—you understand me—now, say yes or no, and the question will be settled one way or t'other and no more said about it."

"You are in too great a hurry, Josey—I must ask father and mother about it, and you shall have an answer next Sunday night."

After half an hour's every day chit-chat, and a few sweet kisses (of course,) Joseph returned home, with his heart as light as a feather.

Old Zeddy and his dame were more anxious than ever to know how matters stood between Josey and the object of his choice, for as yet they were totally in the dark on the subject, although they were well aware, from his uncommon elasticity of spirits when he entered the room, that *something* had been said to *somebody*. Who was this somebody? Was it Nancy Carter or Polly Bronson?—These were the old lady's favorites. But not a word could they get out of Joseph—he resolved to know the *whole* before they should know *any thing*.

Polly, with a flushed countenance and a beating heart, cautiously introduced the subject to her parents. "Wait a bit," said the Squire; "don't do things too fast, Polly.—This is a serious question. Don't *confess judgment*, but give him a *trial* and *nonsuit* him on the ground of his not having yet produced sufficient *evidence*. If he wishes a *verdict* in his favor, he will soon commence a *new suit*, and it will then be time enough to *confess judgment*, provided he pays the *costs*." The mother seconded this advice, and of course Polly was bound to follow it.

Our hero waited patiently till the next Sunday night, and ere it was yet dark, called on Polly for a *yes* or *no*.

"Joseph," said she, "I have thought of the thing pretty seriously—I cannot cherish a doubt as to your sincerity—and have concluded, with the advice of my parents, that I cannot do better than to——"

Joseph did not give her time to finish the sentence, but clasped her in his arms—hugged her till she could scarcely breathe—kissed her till her cheeks were as red as "shooting stars"—and hurried home to give the glad tidings to "daddy and mamma." After consulting for a long time as to what preparations should be

made for the *in fair*, the small family of Zedekiah Raymond retired to rest, and, for the first time in ten days, slept soundly.

Early the next morning Joseph repaired to the Squire's, and invited Polly to name the wedding day.

"The wedding day! What do you mean, Josey?"

"Why, Polly, didn't you tell me last night that you thought 'twould be the best thing you could do——"

"To—*refuse* you? You did not let me finish my answer." This was a—*DISAPPOINTMENT* with a witness!

The outside door stood open, which saved Joseph some trouble in evacuating the premises.

Nancy Carter had long had an eye on Josey, and he knew it. "Any thing for revenge," thought he, and in less than two hours, having again tackled old Dobbin into the pung, he was seen passing the Squire's house, with Nancy at his elbow, looking as gay as a lark. Polly saw it—the Squire saw it—the mother saw it. What was to be done? While the old folks were in secret confab, touching the matter in question, Polly held a consultation *solus*, which resulted in a determination no longer to trifle with what her father had already pronounced a *serious affair*, but to violate the arbitrary rules which custom had prescribed to females similarly situated.—Pursuant to this resolution she addressed to Joseph the following note:—

"Joseph—After your sudden and *unexpected* departure last evening, I found a handkerchief on the carpet, marked with your name.—You can receive it by calling for it *this evening*.
P. B."

It is scarcely necessary to add that this was another *DISAPPOINTMENT*. He called pursuant to invitation, and exchanged a wedding ring for a *handkerchief*.

Lorenzo Dow was an *oddy* of the oddest kind. His sayings, for a time, like those of the celebrated Rowland Hill, filled the newspapers, and pleased the public from Maine to Louisiana. Dow was known in all parts of the Union; and it is probable that not a town or city of any note in the boundary of the states was left unvisited by him. The story of his raising the Devil, and the way he did it, is well known. The best anecdote of him is, that being one evening at a hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, (N. Y.) the residence of the celebrated General Root,—he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe *Heaven*. "You say a great deal about that place," said the General, "tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long, waving beard, towards Messrs. Bush, and Root, and replied with imperturbable gravity, "Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory; there is not a root nor a bush in it, and there never will be."

The best way to *beat* a blackguard is to *beat* a retreat. You can at any time be on good terms with him again, if you will *re-treat* him!—*N. Y. Constellation*.

A SNAKE STORY.—Captain Strickland called on us again yesterday and told us a good story. The Captain is from Vermont and says he used to be a "real peeler" in his younger days. We believe him, for he's a screamer at a bargain now—he makes these New Yorkers stare. The Captain was looking over a file of the Sun, where he happened to read an extract from Col. Crockett. "Crockett (says he) is a whole team—he killed the mammoth—but I've beat that. I'll tell you what, neighbor, if that are Crockett had come across one of our common sized Green Mountain snakes, if he wouldn't got scared, then I never was a sargeant. I was out one day with Squire Tucker; by the by, the Squire is a pretty spunky fellow too—well, the Squire and I were hunting squirrels, when we come slap onto one of these here varmints; I thought I should die a laughing to see the squire cut capers, he was scared; and then he drew up his gun, and was going to shoot the varmint. Stop a minute Squire, says I, and let me snap the snake's head over the hill. You see, we stood right under the mountain which wasn't more than 1500 feet high there, and I don't think the varmint was more than 170 feet long; he was one of the small kind; but the Squire was so tamed so that he cleared right out, and I had all the fun to myself. I took the snake by the tail, and thinks I, I'll make the squire holler if I can; so I give him a snap, just as you would a stage whip, and his head struck the body of a tree which the squire had climbed up, about half a mile off and tore it up by the roots. Ha! ha! ha! the squire's gun went off just as the tree was falling, and I thought he was shot; so I went out there to see, and there he was, stuck right up in the marsh just like a beap pole, with his head downwards. So I pulled him up and took a chip and scraped him—I tell you what, he was a little the dirtiest man I ever did see. As soon as the squire had come to a little, and see the snake's head lay there, he asked me if there hadn't been an earthquake. I told him how 'twas, he looked a little sheepish—said he guessed 'twas near three, when he'd got a trial to come on, and we had better go home."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A facetious attorney, who wore a corkleg made an admirable imitation of the real one, and was esteemed an excellent quizzer: having a dispute with a stranger about courage, and the different effects pain produced upon individuals, proposed to elucidate this by trying, against his antagonist, which could bear to hold his leg longest in hot water, the one who gave in first to pay glasses round to the company. The strange, pot-valiant, accepted the challenge; pails were brought in, smoking hot, the lawyer immersed his leg with much seeming pain; the other did the same, and with many awkward gestures, boldly persevered for about a minute, keeping his eye fixed upon his opponent, who grinned and started his features as if really agonized. At length unable to bear longer torture, the stranger drew out his parboiled limb, and declaring himself vanquished, at the same time exclaiming, "The man must be the devil incarnate, or he could never bear it?" and seeing the lawyer in no haste to leave his

situation, said with much feeling "for heaven's sake! sir, desist, you'll certainly loose your leg." "And if I do," replied the other, taking it deliberately out of the water, I can buy another, they are only three guineas a piece." The stranger finding he had been vainly contending with a cork leg, was highly exasperated at the deception, and swore he would commence an action for assault and battery. "You had better call it *scalding and burning*," replied the other, "it is a new case, and will afford the counsel some fun."

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—A young woman in a town in Massachusetts, thus addressing a young man—"John —, you have been paying your *distresses* to me long enough, I want to know what your *contentions* are, I don't mean to be kept in *expense* any longer."—*Boston Post.*

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